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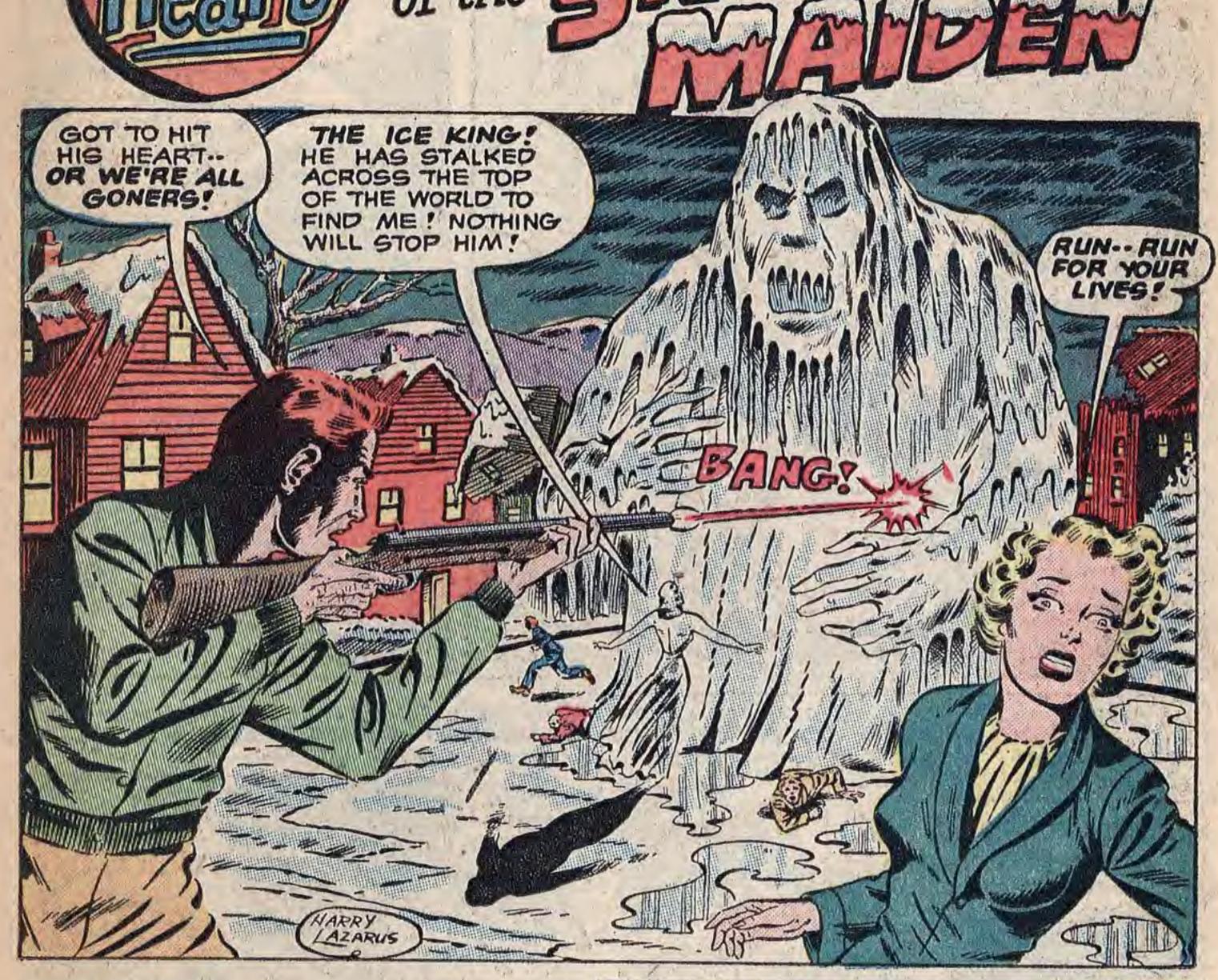
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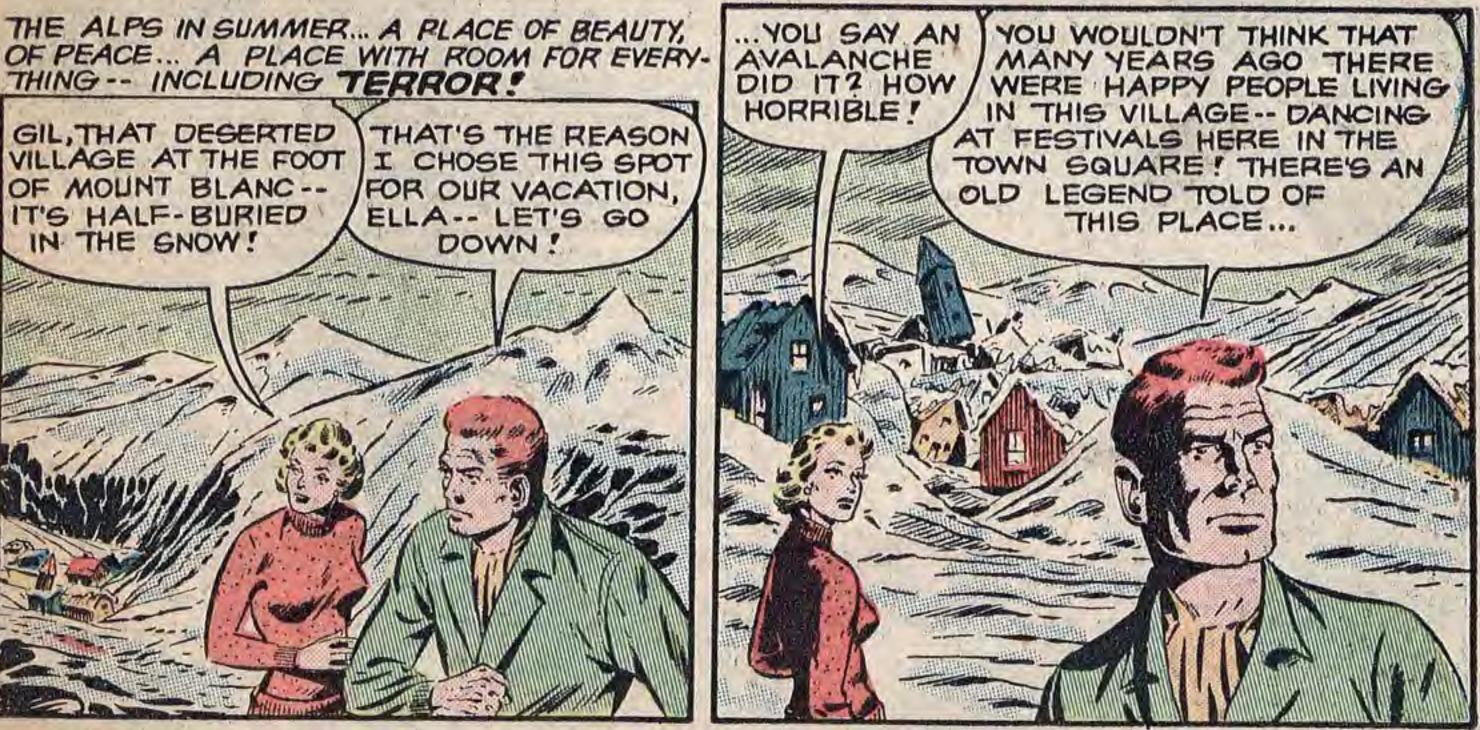
HAT IS THAT TINY SPARK OF LIFE FORCE THAT MAKES A THING LIVE -- MAKES A MAN DIFFERENT FROM A LUMP OF CLAY? IF WE KNEW, WE MIGHT UNDERSTAND HOW A MASS OF ICE COULD MOVE, THINK, AND FEEL -- HOW IT COULD BECOME A FEARFUL AGENT OF DESTRUCTION WHEN BALKED IN LOVE! WE THINK YOU MAY SLEEP LESS ON A WINTER'S NIGHT WHEN YOU HAVE LEARNED ABOUT THE ... of the





THE ALPS IN SUMMER ... A PLACE OF BEAUTY,

THING -- INCLUDING TERROR!



ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published monthly and copyright, 1952, by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 1250 Camden Ave. S. W., Canton 6, Ohio. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45 St., New York 36, N. Y. Re-entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Canton, Ohio. No:40, February, 1953. : Printed in U.S.A. "LONG AGO," GIL BEGAN, "A
FRIENDLY SPRITE KNOWN AS THE
SNOW MAIDEN WOULD
SOMETIMES COME DOWN
FROM HER ICY HOME ON
THE MOUNTAIN AND JOIN
IN THE DANCING -- "



"SHE WAS A LIVING STATUE OF SOLID ICE, WHITE, COLD, AND... VERY BEAUTIFUL! SO LONG AS SHE WAS A REMOTE SEMI-GODDESS, THE VILLAGERS

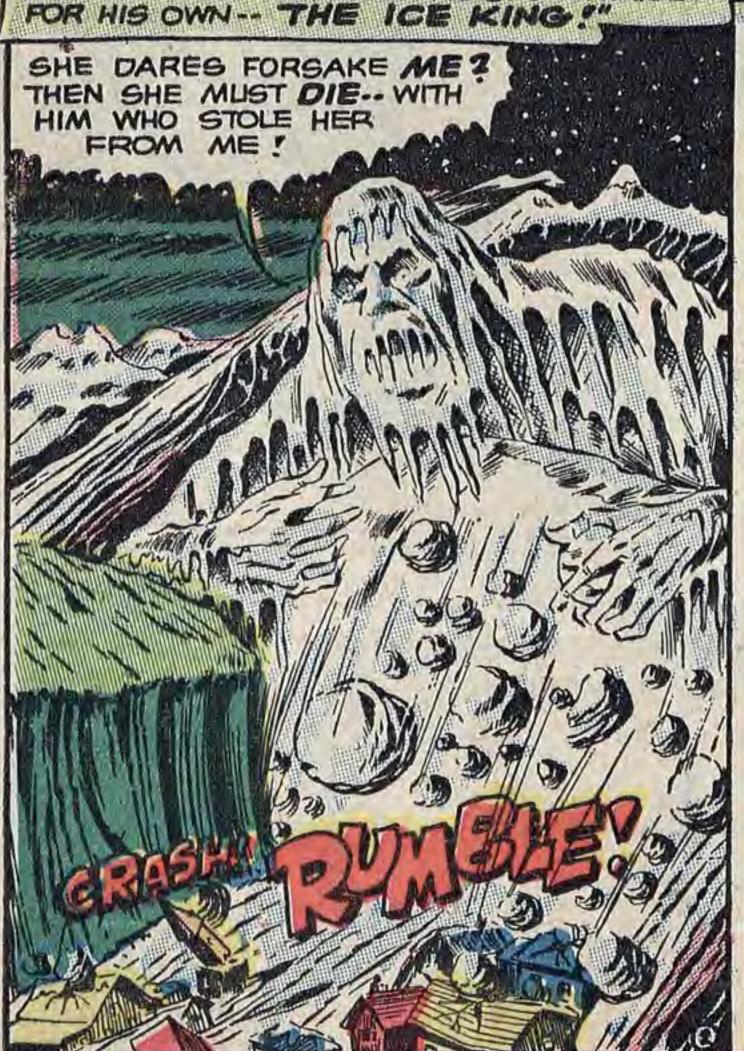




THUS THE FORCES OF TRAGEDY WERE UNLEASHED! SO DIED THE SNOW MAIDEN -- BURIED UNDER HIGH ON MOUNT BLANC, A MONSTROUS FORCE A MOUNTAIN OF SNOW, ALONG WITH THE STIRRED -- WHO CLAIMED THE SNOW MAIDEN ENTIRE VILLAGE -- "
FOR HIS OWN -- THE ICE KING!"

BELOVED

-- NO!



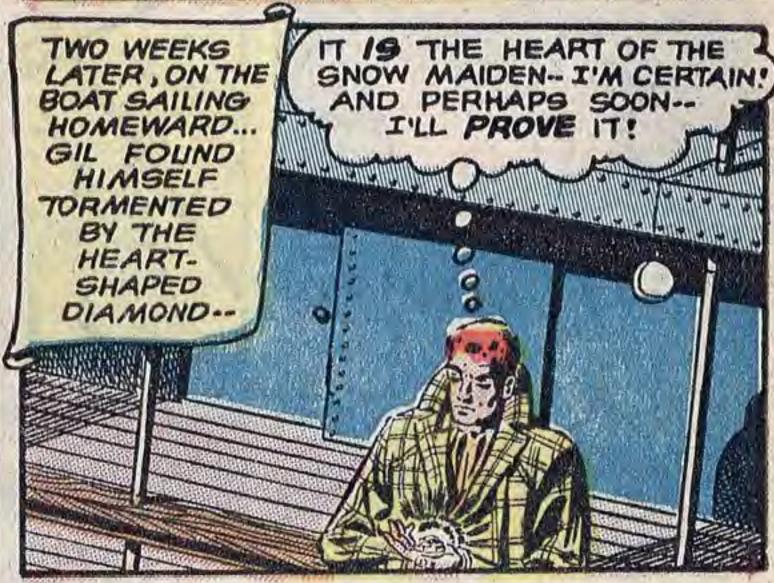




THEN, AFTER HOURS OF HUNTING AMONG THE RUINS -- GIL BENT OVER TO PICK UP A SHINING OBJECT --



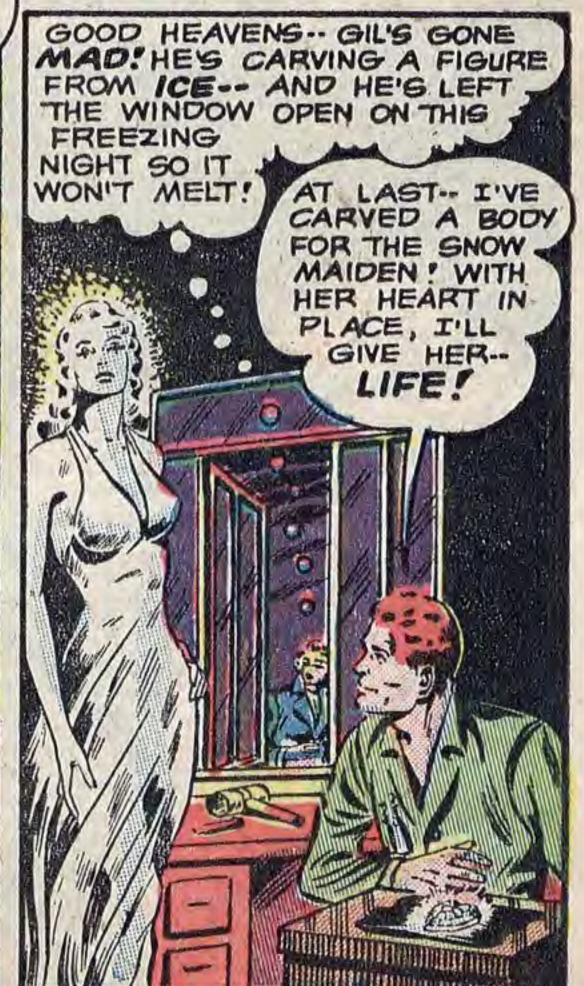








THAT NIGHT, WORRIED ABOUT HER SWEETHEART, ELLA CREPT UP TO HIS STUDIO WINDOW! THERE-



NEXT, GIL ANXIOUSLY PREPARED TO PLACE THE HUGE GEM WITHIN THE FROZEN FORM --















BY NIGHT, A SWIFTLY MOVING MONSTER THAT RACED ACROSS THE TOP OF THE WORLD, EVER CLOSER TO ITS GOAL ...

HUH? I COULD'VE SWORN I SAW AN ICEBERG MOVING ACROSS THE HORIZON -- FAST AS AN EXPRESS TRAIN! BETTER KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT .- THE BOYS'LL THINK I'M LOCO!



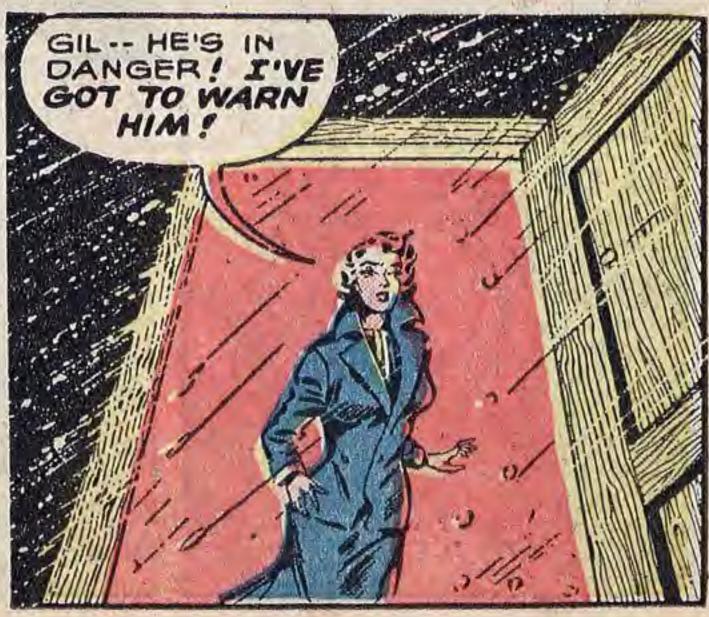
THEN, AT A FARM, A FEW MILES FROM GIL'S STUDIO, THE HORRIFYING MONSTER WAS DISCOVERED!























WITH DELIBERATE CALM, GIL FIRED AT A TINY SPOT OF GLEAMING CRYSTAL -- A LIFE-OR-DEATH SHOT!





GIL RETURNED, HIS PROBLEM
STILL UNSOLVED --







THEY WOULD HAVE DONE BETTER TO READ THE WEATHER REPORT--



WHILE IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ODDLY-SHAPED POOL OF WATER, GLEAMS THE STILL-LIVING HEART OF THE ICE KING!



加强的影響。

THE SMALL, SHRILL cries from inside the trunk continued, as Vincent's taut nerves stretched ever closer to the snapping point.

He thought back to how the strange events had begun. Vincent Sandor had been a good, but little known ventriloquist, barely eking out a living before unresponsive audiences. But all that had changed, suddenly...when Quinto came along.

Quinto was a wooden dummy Vincent had bought two years before in Vienna. "The storekeeper did act strangely," Vincent remembered bitterly, "almost as if he was anxious to get rid of him!"

From the beginning he had felt strangely drawn to the dummy. It was so lifelike, so incredibly lifelike, that during performances he felt as if he were actually talking to a nasty little boy. Soon Vincent's act was sought for everywhere. Fees became larger, and with it, fame.

But a subtle change took place in Vincent's character. For a time he showed only unusual nervousness just before his act. These feelings grew more intense, until at last he verged on a nervous breakdown. "You're overworked," doctors agreed. "You need a long rest."

"The fools!" Vincent said aloud.
"They never even guessed the truth. How could they, when it took me so long to believe, despite the growing evidence?"

The horrible truth, which Vincent now faced, was that...Quinto was coming alive! At first, he had noticed only an occasional fluttering of the dummy's eyelids. "Only my imagination," Vincent told himself then. But the evidence mounted. Soon there were perceptible twitchings of the wooden arms and legs, unexpected activity in the wooden eyes, and then, that terrible night two weeks before...

He remembered it vividly. The performance had not gone well. And then, without warning, Quinto had begun to speak, of his own accord. The audience thought the spectacle a masterstroke of

the ventriloquist's art. What a triumph it had been! But Vincent had nearly collapsed with fright.

Since then Quinto had grown worse, more unmanageable. Finally Vincent realized that the dummy, which was as yet alive only during performances, was gaining life at the expense of his own.

Now they were alone in the immense, secluded house. Rain was falling outside and the moan of the wind was loud in the trees. Vincent had locked the dummy securely in a trunk. For three days there had been no sound from within, but just as Vincent began to feel better a shrill voice had called, "Vincent! Release me!"

Vincent had done nothing, steeling his nerves to the ordeal. Then the screams began, louder and louder, until now the whole mansion was filled with inhuman shrieks.

"It's only a matter of time," Vincent thought, "before I go mad." As he held a match to his cigarette he realized finally that death would be a release. But if he was to die he would take the dummy with him...

Calmly he set fire to the drapes. Flames rushed up the windows and spread swiftly. Vincent pulled his chair into the center of the room and watched the fire circle him. Suddenly, from inside the trunk, came the shout, "Vincent, you fool! Let me out!"

"Demon!" Vincent shouted back maniacally. "Yes!" Quickly he opened the trunk.

Quinto was thoroughly alive now, his wooden eyes glinting evil. The flames were all around them and the heat was unbearable. "Idiot!" the dummy shrieked. "We've got to get out of here!"

Vincent laughed, completely insane now, as he heard the old timbers above creak. Quinto made a frenzied dash for the flaming window, but his wooden body quickly kindled. Vincent listened to the dummy's agonized shrieks with a sense of triumph...until the falling roof put a stop to everything.











SECONDS LATER...IN A NEAT TAKEOFF INTO THE WIND FROM THE KITCHEN STEPS ... BOBBY MAKES HIS FIRST SOLO FLIGHT!



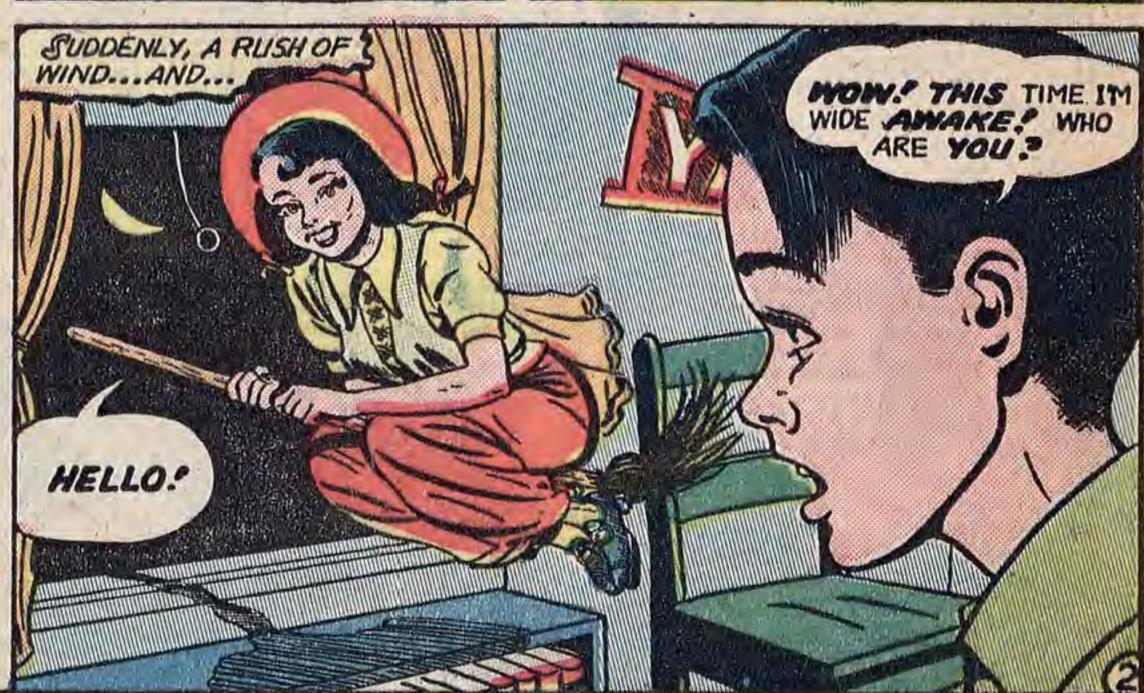
THEN, AS BOBBY CIRCLES TOWARD A NEARBY APPLE TREE...

















SO, SIGHTING ON THE NORTH STAR, OFF THEY STREAKED... BOBBY... AND THE LITTLE WITCH!









FOR AN HOUR OR TWO, BOBBY AND THE LITTLE WITCH PLAYED HAP-PILY... AND THEN...





















THAT HIGHT ...





GETTING TOO OLD FOR ALL
THIS NONSENSE ABOUT
WITCHES... AND I EXPECT YOU TO GET RIP
OF THE IDEA.

OKAY,
DAD.

BOBBY, I'M AFRAID WE STRAYED

FROM THE SUBJECT! I WANT

FROM NOW ON ... AND MEAN-

YOU TO TELL THE TRUTH

WHILE ... STOP DAY-









I'M SORRY LITTLE
WITCH...I KNOW
YOU'RE LONELY
AND HAVEN'T
GOT ANYONE
TO PLAY WITH!
BUT DAD SAYS
I'M GETTING
TOO OLD FOR
WITCHES...
AND MAYBE
HE'S
RIGHT!
ME
B

BOBBY...I CAN'T
EXPECT YOU TO
DISOBEY YOUR
PARENTS!
YOU'LL NEVER
SEE ME
AGAIN...BUT IF
THERE'S EVER A
TIME YOUNEED
SOME LITTLE
THING...I'LL REMEMBER WE'VE
BEEN FRIENDS.









THE FOLLOWING MORN-ING...BOBBY COULD HARDLY BELIEVE INS EYES!

DON'T KNOW WHERE THE LITTLE WITCH MANAGED TO GET.IT...BUT SHE KNEW WHAT I WANTED! 17'S A FAREWELL



SIKE! UP MARKET
HILL WENT BOBBY
...TAKING THE STEEP
SLOPE WITHOUT EFFORT!

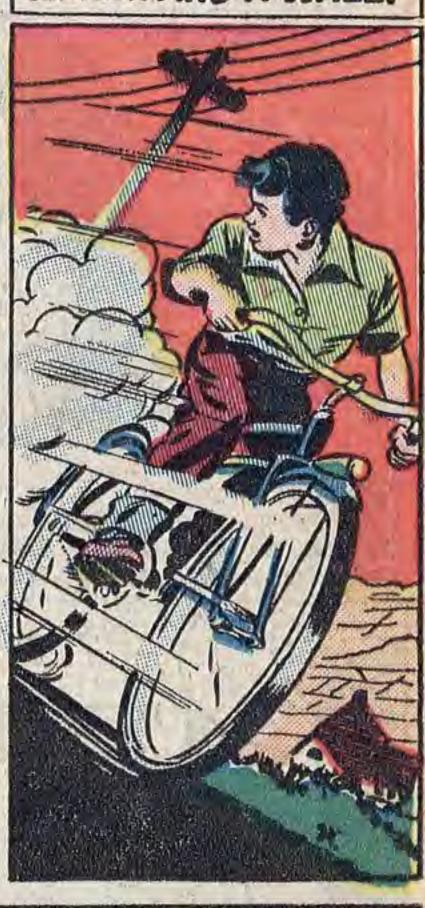
GOLLY...IT PEDALS
LIKE MAGIC! THIS IS
ALMOST AS EASY
AS ZIPPING
AROUND ON



AS A BROOM! BOBBY
LEARNED THAT WHEN
HE REACHED THE TOP OF
THE HILL...AND JAMMED
DOWN ON THE BRAKE!



THE GLITTERING WHEELS
WHIRLED FASTER AND
FASTER! TERRIFIED,
BOBBY CLUNG TO THE
HANDLE BARS...REALIZING
THAT AT THE BOTTOM OF
THE HILL THERE WAS A
CURVE... AND A WALL!





CONCUSSION WITH CONCUSSION WITH COMPLICATIONS! ALL THAT NIGHT BOBBY RE-MAINED DELIRIOUS. TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM A SINGLE TERRIFYING VISION!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...IT BEGAN TO LOOK AS IF THE OLD WITCH WOULD WIN THE RACE!

TELL ME THE
TRUTH, DOCTOR...
WILL HE PULL
THROUGH? HE
WAS YELLING
WILDLY ABOUT
WITCHES ALL
NIGHT LONG...
AND CALLING FOR
SOMEONE NAMED
LITTLE WITCH...
IT WAS HEARTBREAKING!

A VERY SERIOUS INFECTION HAS SET IN...AND
THE ONLY THING THAT CAN
CHECK IT IS PENACICALINA
BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ANY,
AND THERE ISN'T TIME TO
GET BOBBY TO THE NEAREST HOSPITAL...FORTY
MILES AWAY! IF YOU
WANT THE TRUTH,
THERE ISN'T



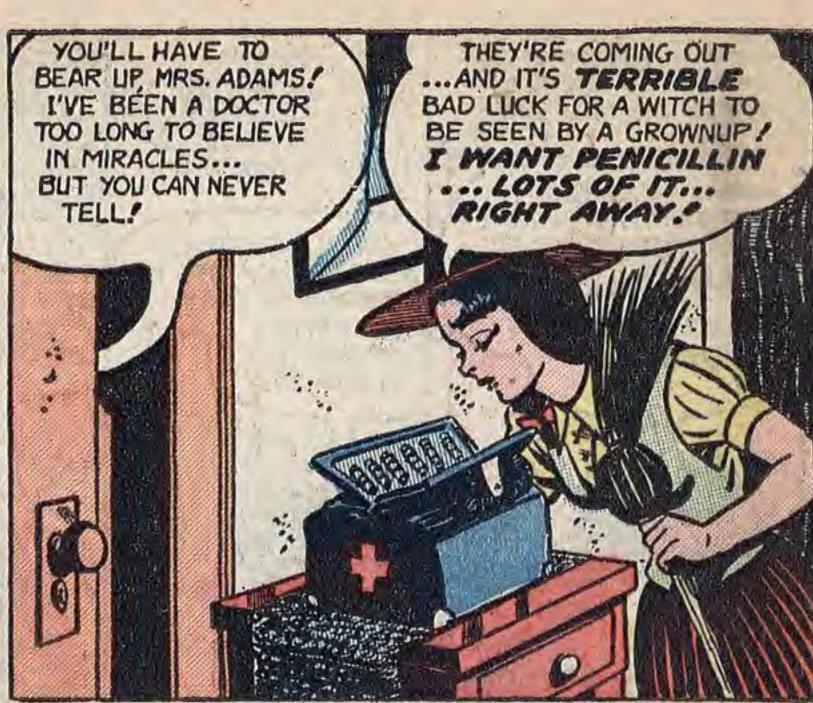
THERE ISN'T MUCH HOPE! WHEN SHE HEARD IT, THE LITTLE WITCH'S HEART FLUT-TERED ... BUT THIS WAS NO TIME FOR TEARS! SHE HAD TO THINK ... THINK HARD ... AND FIND A WAY TO HELP BOBBY!



BOBBY NEEDS PENICILLIN.

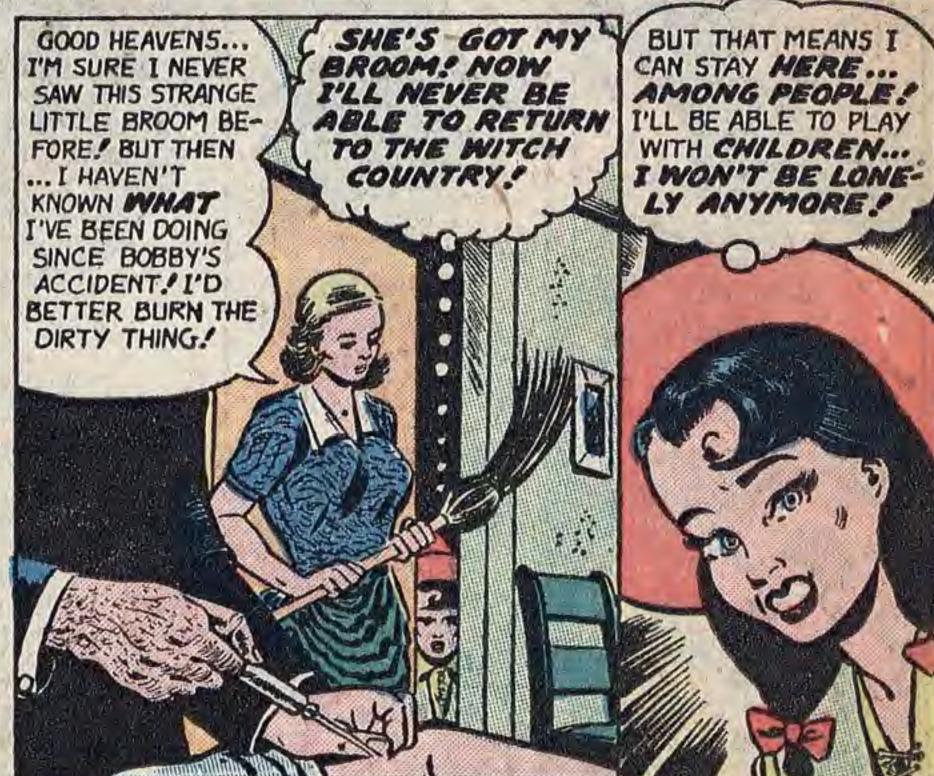
GOODNESS ... ISN'T PENICIL-

PENICILLIN. OH, MY



THE LITTLE WITCH HAD JUST ENOUGH TIME TO WHISK OUT THE WINDOW ... AND THEN SHE REALIZED... SHE'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!





THAT NIGHT, AS BOBBY SLEEPS PEACEFULLY ... A SMALL FIGURE TIPTOES IN!

YOU'RE GETTING BETTER, BOBBY.' I'M NOT FORGETTING MY PROMISE...YOU WON'T SEE ME AGAIN...BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG IN MY SEEING YOU...FOR THE LAST TIME!
...AND BOBBY..THE OLD WITCH CAN WAIT UNTIL HER TEETH FALL OUT... CAUSE NEITHER OF US IS GOING BACK TO THE WITCH COUNTRY!



IND SO THE LITTLE WITCH NEVER RODE A BROOMSTICK AMONG THE STARS AGAIN ... AND SHE NEVER GREW ANY OLDER ... BECAUSE THAT WOULD MEAN SHE WOULD HAVE TO STOP BELIEVING IN WITCHES! MAY -BE SOMEWHERE YOU'VE SEEN HER ... HAPPY PLAYING WITH LITTLE THINGS!





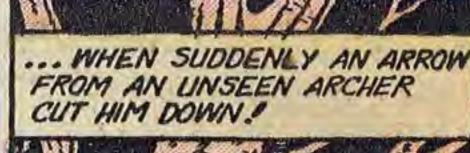


"TRUE"GHOSTS THE HAUNTED FOREST

GOING GHOST HUNT-ING THIS SUMMER, READER? WELL, IF YOU'RE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE VAST WOODLAND KNOWN AS NEW FOREST IN THE SOUTHWEST OF HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND, YOU MIGHT CATCH A GLIMPSE OF A ROYAL GHOST ... THE SPIRIT OF THE TYRANT, KING WILLIAM II OF ENG-LAND, WHO REIGNED IN THE LATTER HALF OF THE 11 TH CENTURY!

ON AUGUST 2ND IN THE YEAR 1100, KING WILLIAM WAS ENGAGED IN ONE OF HIS FREQUENT HUNTING EXPEDITIONS IN NEW FOREST...







ON AUGUST ZND, 7101, TWO ROYAL GAME WARDENS
CLAIMED TO HAVE SEEN THE GNOST OF THE KING GALLOP-ING ON A GNOSTLY HORSE IN A GNOSTLY HUNT THROUGH NEW FOREST.



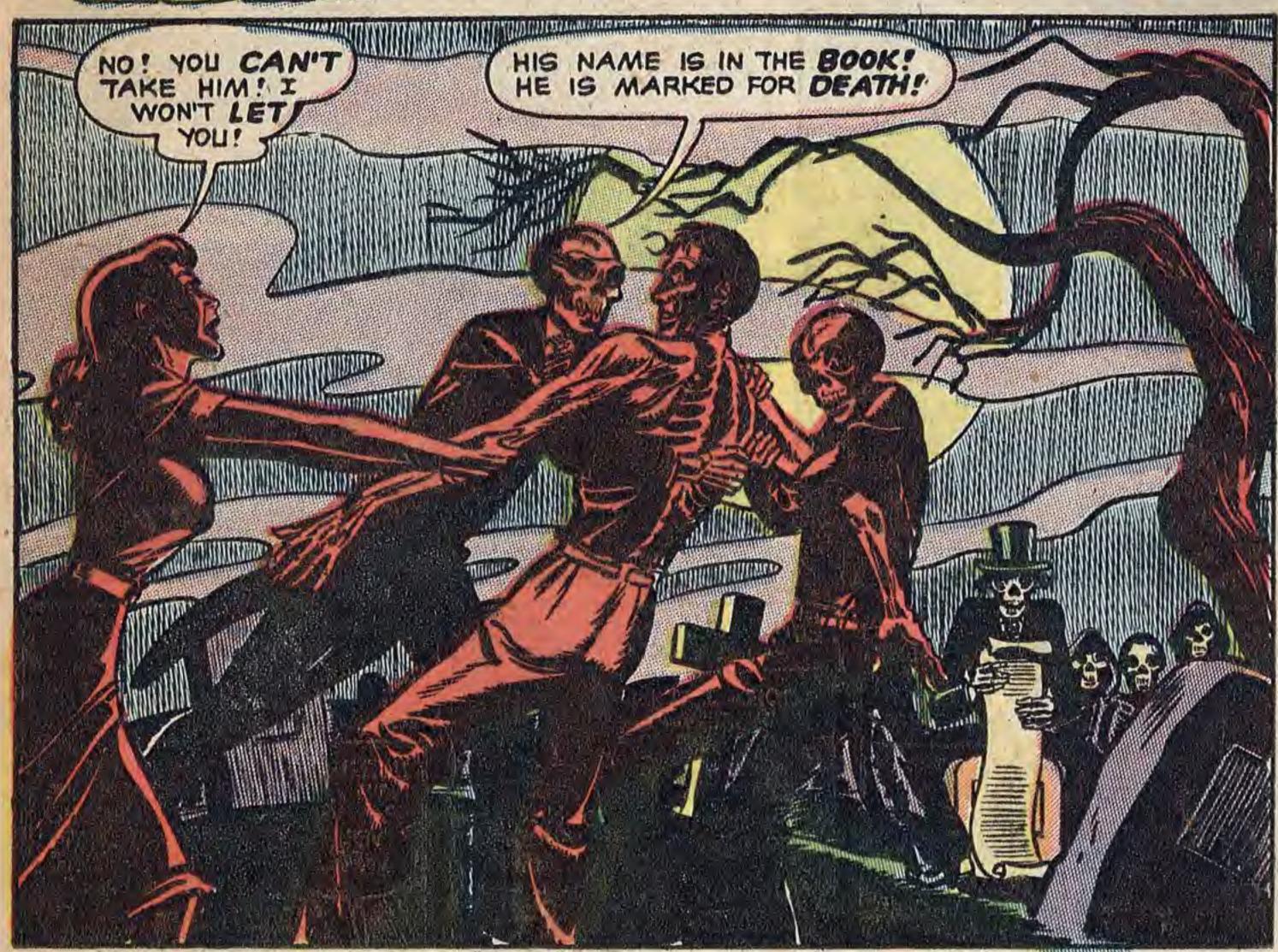
THE WITNESSES FURTH-ER REPORTED THAT THE SPIRIT HAD SUDDENLY TOPPLED OFF ITS SPEC-TRAL STEED WITH A PHANTOM ARROW IN ITS CHEST ... JUST BEFORE THE ENTIRE APPARITION VANISHED! AND ON EACH SUCCEEDING ANNIVER-SARY OF THE KING'S DEATH, IT HAS BEEN SAID, THE SAME SIGHT CAN BE SEEN IN THE HEART OF NEW FOREST.



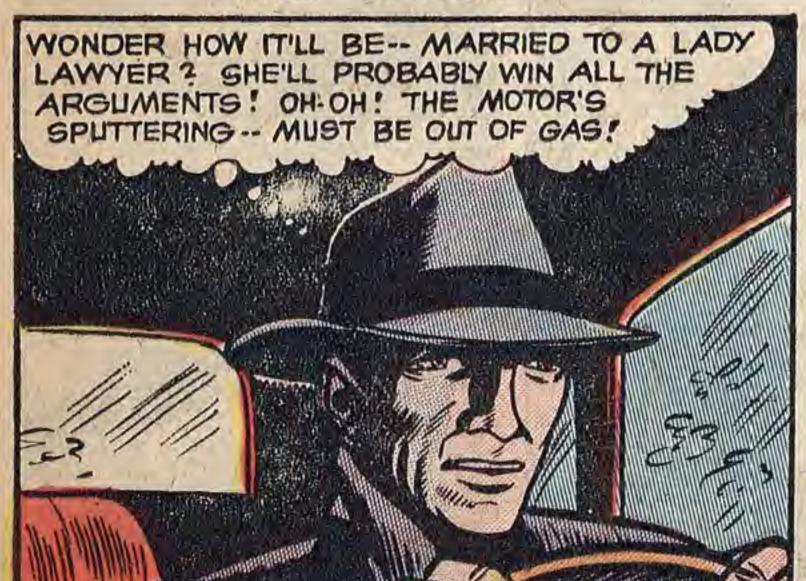


A man falls from a building. "Suicide!" reads the police report! An auto strikes a woman. "Accidental death!" says the newspaper! But-perhaps they're WRONG! Perhaps EVERY death is known in advance. is PLANNED by someone! Who can deny it? Can you-after reading the shock-filled story of...

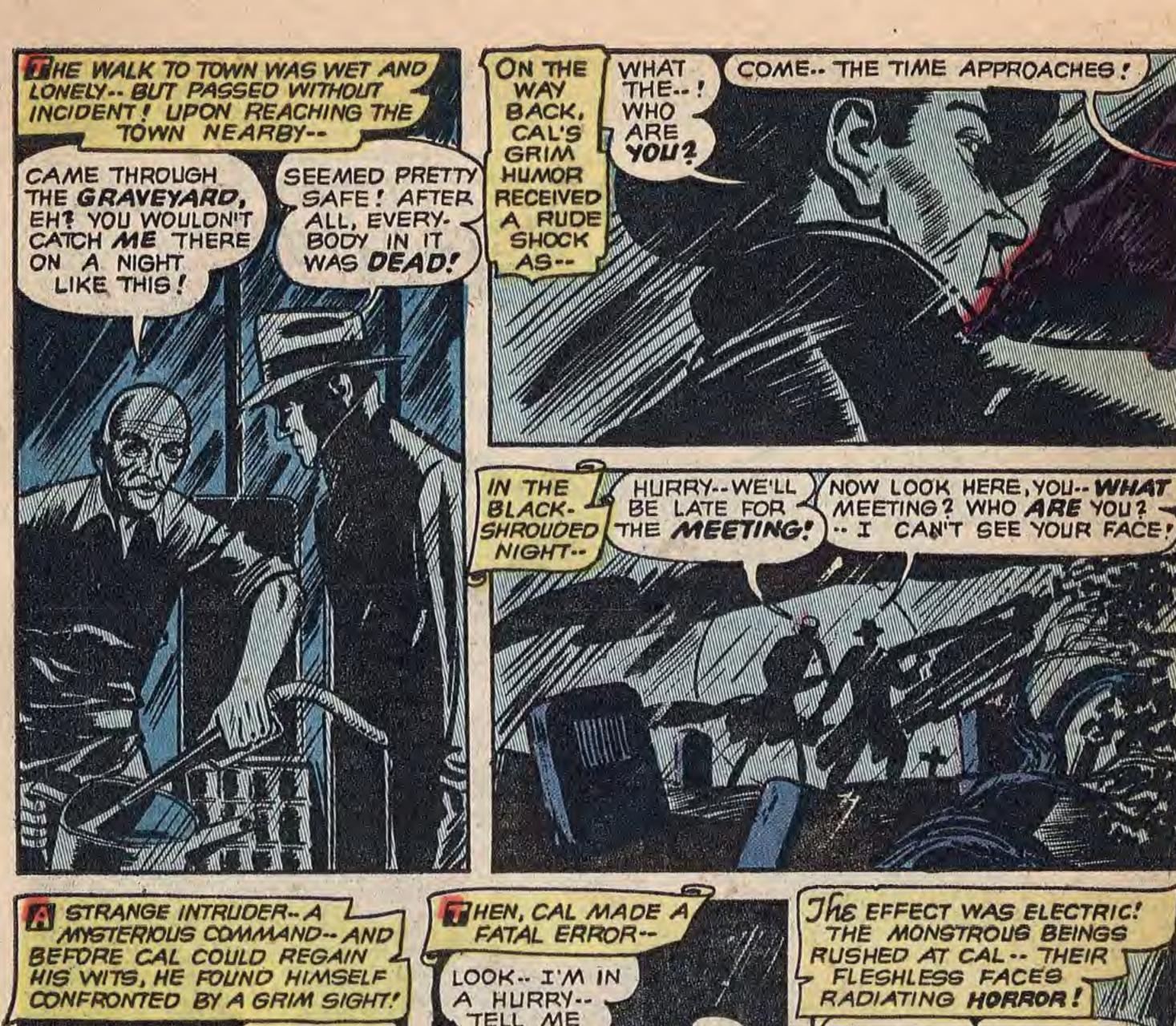
the shock-filled story of GUISELIUSS



TO WATCH HIS SWEETHEART RECEIVE HER LAW DEGREE! THE BLEAK, DISMAL NIGHT DIDN'T HELP MATTERS --







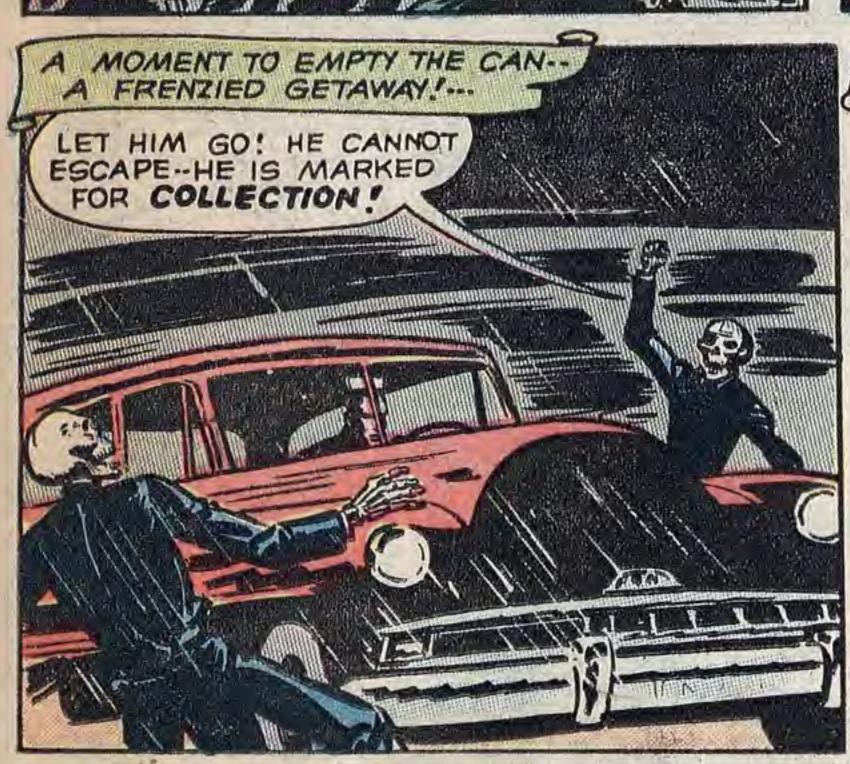




















WHAT'S WRONG WITH

FROM A NEARBY MIRROR-THE HEART STOPPING ANSWER!

















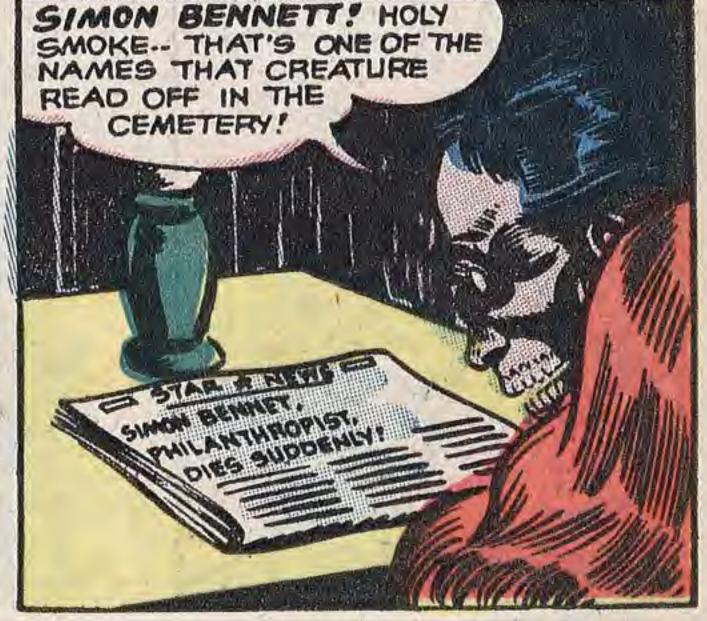






AS CAL'S HEART QUICKENED WITH NEW-FOUND COURAGE - HIS EYE FELL UPON THE PAPER SELMA HAD BROUGHT!

SIMON BENNETT! HOLY
SMOKE THAT'S ONE OF THE



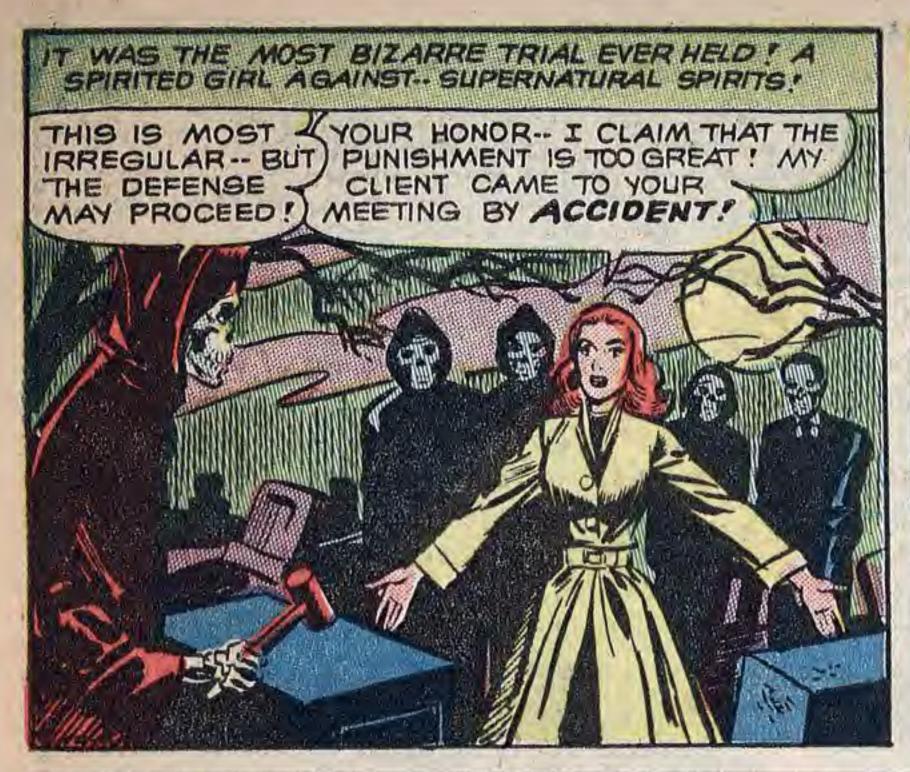




















AS THE LOVERS PARTED

TENDERLY --



WAS THE GHOSTLY JUDGE'S DEAD HEART STIRRED

BY SOMETHING AKIN TO PITY -- AS HE WROTE

AND SO-CAL MET HIS FATE! BUT IT WAS NOT A GRIM ONE-- FOR AS HE PASSED OVER THE THIN BARRIER BE-TWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, HE REGAINED HIS YOUTH--AND THE PROMISE OF ETERNAL HAPPINESS WITH HIS BELOVED! FOR ONCE IN THE BEYOND, CAL LEARNED OF THE GHOSTLY JUDGES ACT -- AND HE HAD ONLY TO WAIT -- .

SELMA SAID SHE COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT ME -- AND SHE MEANT IT! SHE'LL JOIN ME HERE GOON -- AND THEN WE'LL BE TOGETHER --FOREVER!



PEOPLE OFTEN 'SAY, "Life begins at forty." We've sometimes doubted that, but now we're convinced, and if you glance at the number of this magazine you'll realize what we're talking about. For this is the fortieth issue of "Adventures Into The Unknown", the first supernatural comic book published in America, and by popular acclaim, still the greatest.

We're constantly asked to divulge the secretof our success. For reply we quickly dip into the laden mail bags from you, our loyal fans, and let your letters speak for themselves. There's no mystery about why "Adventures Into The Unknown" has month after month been reaching an evergrowing audience. Simply, it's that we've spared no pains or expense to bring you the most breathtaking yarns in the rich and varied annals of supernatural lore. And these we've had illustrated by masterful artists.

But we've no intention of resting on our laurels, and this is what we mean by life beginning at forty. For this, our fortieth issue, is the greatest yet. We've assembled as fine an assortment of spellbinding tales as you've ever encountered, starting with "Heart of the Snow Maiden", a terror-laden chiller guaranteed for gasps. "The Little Witch" is, in our opinion, one of the best stories we've ever come across, and it's being published in response to hundreds of letters asking for more of this kind of fare. We'll be waiting anxiously for your opinion of it. "The Soul Collectors" is a weird and eerie thriller, packing a tremendous final wallop you'll never forget! And as for "The Sinister Double", its incredible menace is sure to haunt your imagination for a long time.

We've every intention of bringing you still greater and greater stories. Our system for insuring success is infallible. You see, our policies are framed after long consultation with the wishes expressed in your countless letters. So, please, keep letting us know your feelings and preferences, simply by writing to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Now, let's listen to what some of our readers think:

"Dear Editor:-

I've read a lot of supernatural comics, but 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the best for me. Your last issue was really wonderful. The stories I liked most were 'The Midnight Howl' and 'Artist of Evil'. Keep 'em coming out.

-- Paul Szalchetka, Baltimore, Md."

"Dear Editor:-

This is my first reading of 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. The stories were so weird and fantastic that I liked every one. I couldn't tell which of these three I liked better: 'Artist of Evil', 'Twin of Terror', or 'The Midnight Howl'. I shall continue to read your exciting stories. Please, keep them coming.

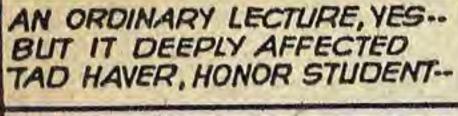
-- Lorene Powell, Allanta, Ga."

"Dear Editor:

I got acquainted with your magazine when I was sick. I asked my father to get me a comic book, and he bought yours. Please keep putting out 'Adventures Into The Unknown', as I enjoy it very much.

-- Joseph Kling, Morristown, N. J."





.. AND IF THE EVIL SIDE OF A PERSON COULD .. DETACH ITSELF FROM THE BODY --WHAT THEN? WHY DO I KEEP THINKING Infrantischer Telefor ABOUT IT?





SLEEP -- AS A STRANGE DARK NESS ENVELOPED THE ROOM! THEN, WEAVING OMINOUSLY, A SHAPELESS FORM SHOOK ITSELF FREE OF HIS HELPLESS BODY!









AT THE POLICE STATION--THE NIGHTMARE GREW EVEN MORE DISTORTED--

CHIEF -- HAVER

FELT THE FIRST GNAWING PANGS OF AN UNTHINKABLE SUSPICION--

FOR EVEN AS YOU APPROACHED
THE HOME OF YOUR FIANCEE ...

TAD, DARLING -- YOU SEEM

NERVOUS TODAY .. AND

JUST STRANGLED HAVER
TWO MORE PEOPLE! WAS
A REPORTER GOT
HERE
HIS PICTURE!
ALL THE
TIME!

HAVER WERE COMMITTED BY YOUR WAS DOUBLE!

HERE MOST AMAZING MY-DOUBLE

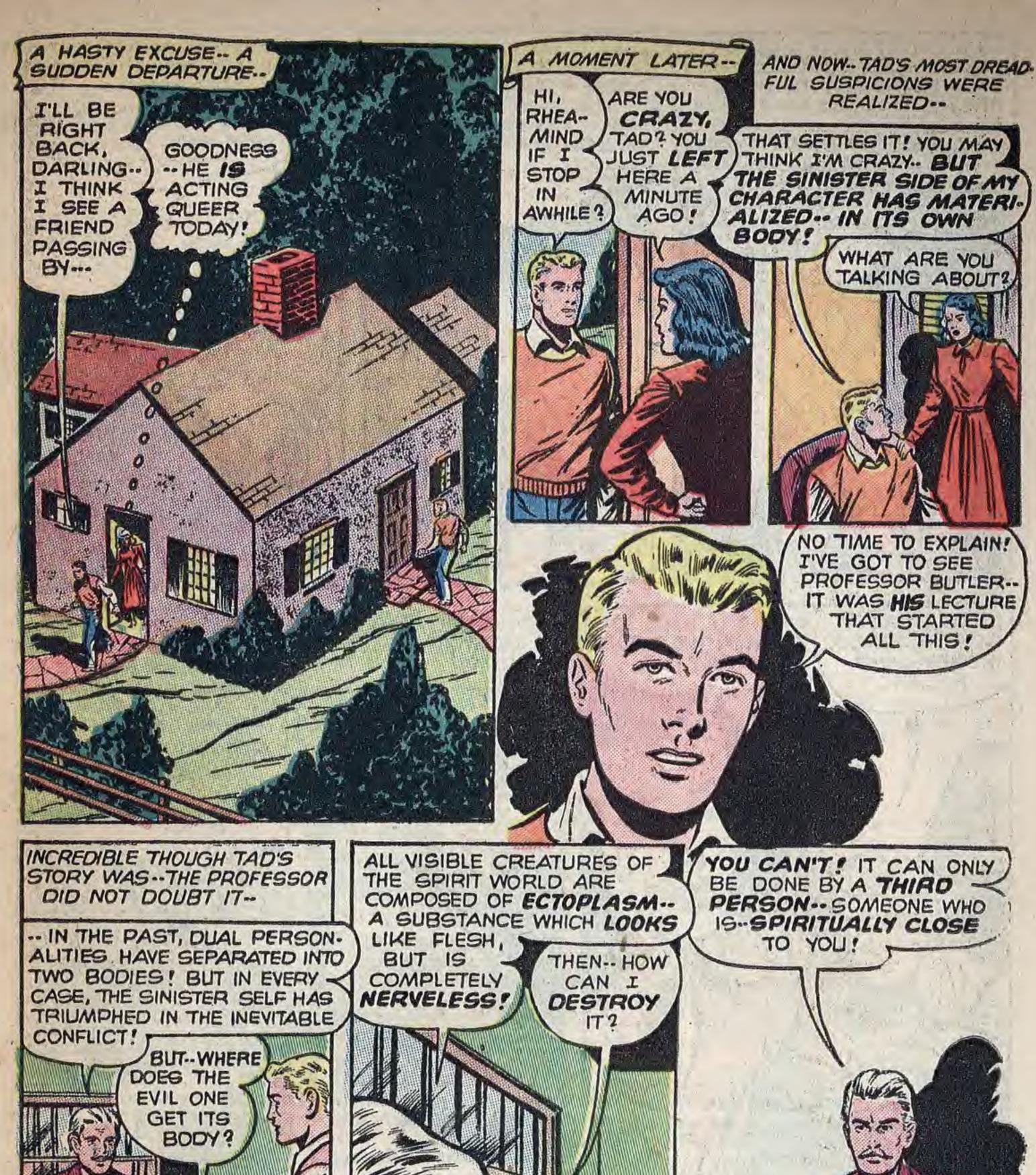
LIKENESS I THAT COULD ME

TIME! EVER SAW! - BUT- IT'S

THAT COULD MEAN BEEN STUDYING
BUT -- IT'S TOO MUCH, I GUESS-















ALL THAT'S MY GIRL!
RIGHT, GOODNIGHT, SWEETTAD, I'LL SEE YOU AFTER
CLASSES TOMORROW
PRO-- AT FOUR O'CLOCK!



IT SEEMED AN ETERNITY BEFORE
TAD CALLED, THE FOLLOWING
AFTERNOON--





EACH METALLIC WORD FROM THE RECEIVER EXPLODED IN HER BRAIN LIKE A TINY

RHEA? THIS IS

TAD! I'LL SEE YOU

IN ABOUT TEN

MINUTES!

OKAY?

Y-YES, OF

COURSE.

AS THE DREADFUL RE-ALIZATION PENETRATED HER NUMBED SENSES-

I -- I'VE BEEN TALKING
-- ALONE WITH FAD'S
DOUBLE -- THE
MONSTER!

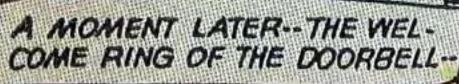












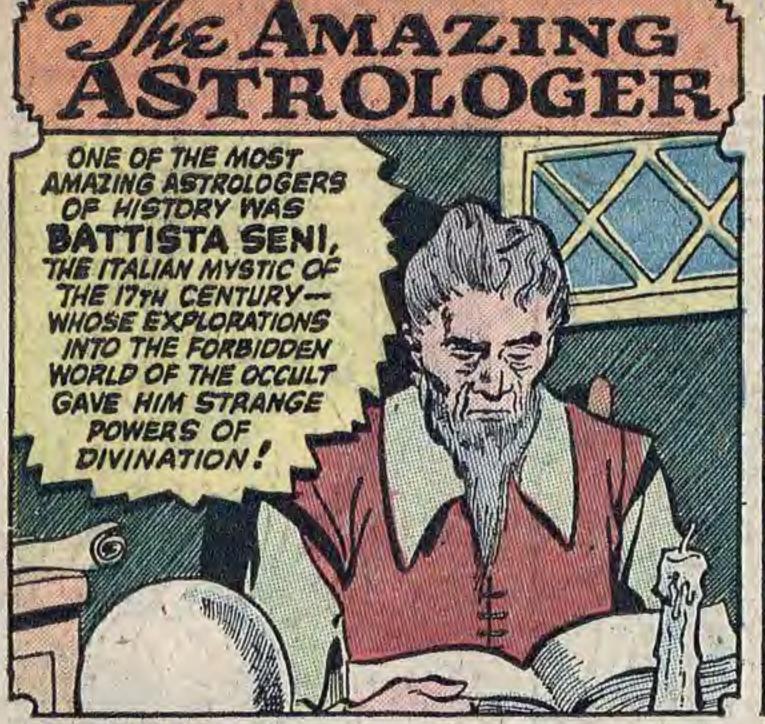
OH. DARLING, I .- I KILLED IT! IT CAME HERE AT FOUR -- AND I THOUGHT



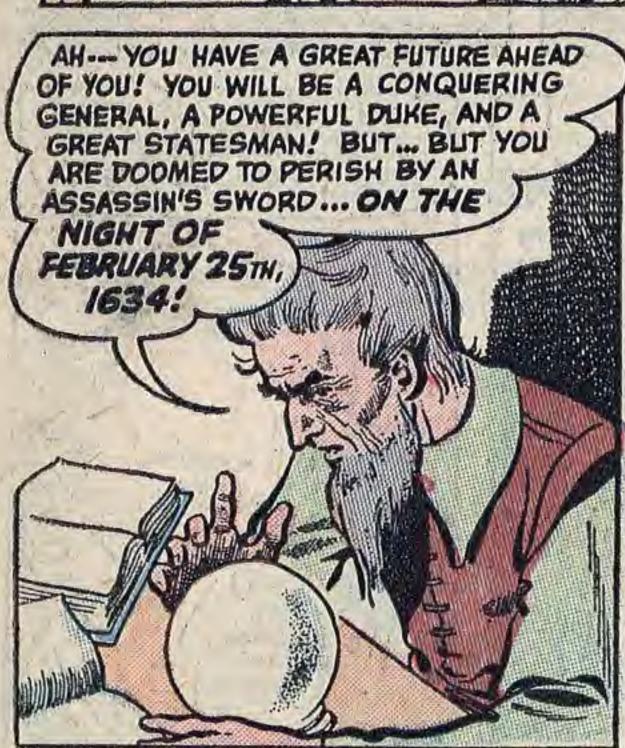


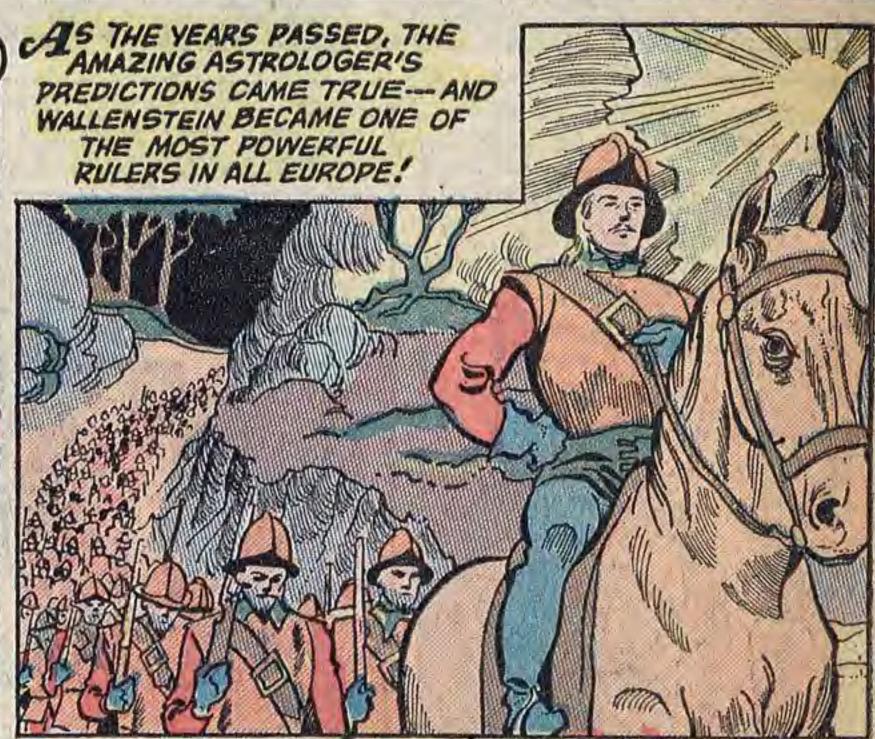


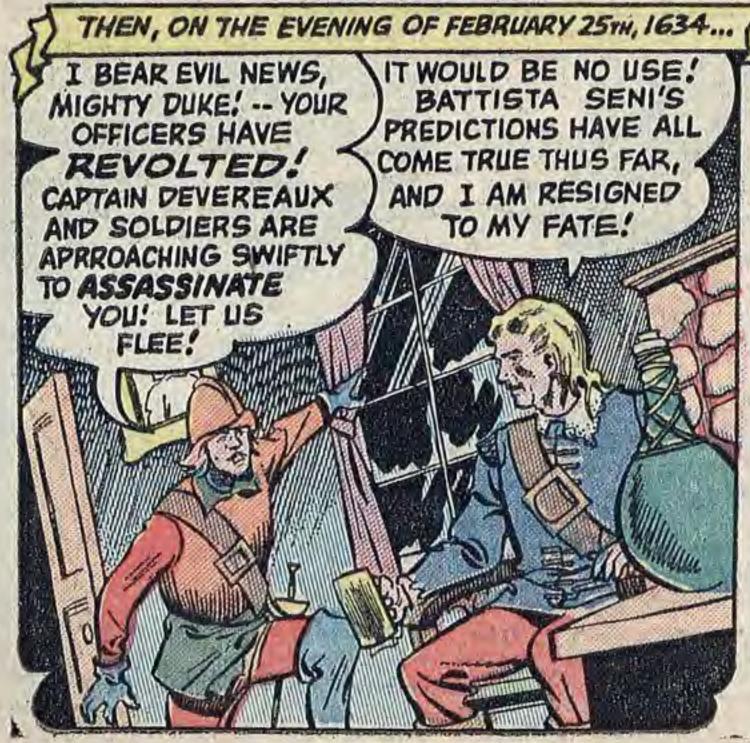














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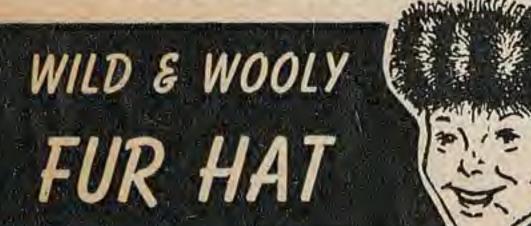
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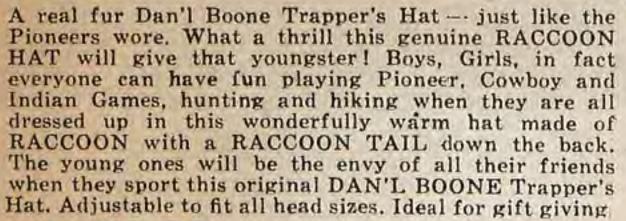
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